

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR: BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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Ah! none— [and filled]
 Soon the thronged streams are choked
 The land forgot is left untilled,
 And trade is overdone.
 What wonder, Maimon's hurried wheel
 By friction into flames should break!
 What wonder, from such clouds, in peal
 The thunder tongue of God should
 speak!
 And will ye hear, and not improve
 The warning voice of love?
 Back to the soil! ye prodigals!
 Back to your parent earth once more,
 Whose heart forgives neglect, and calls
 The wanderer still to share its store.
 Return! your wasteful course denies

Shuffleton Pope, when he was ten years old, could repeat the collect and the ten commandments without hesitating more than once in three lines—upon which the good old curate stroked his head, and said that he was a genius.

Shuffleton Pope came home from school at the age of fifteen, and could rant 'My name is Norval,' so as to make the windows rattle and the China mandarins nod their heads upon the mantelpiece—at which display the servants would all come in and stare, and hold up their hands at his turning out an astonishing genius.

Shuffleton Pope's father was dead—and therefore, never offered any opinion on the subject.

What he thought he could do.

'You have but to choose, sir,' replied our hero.

Then, sir, if you please to send here moral tale, it shall meet with every consideration. Our political and humorous departments are already filled up, and as for philosophical treatises, we are paid for putting them in, as nobody reads them.'

Upon which Mr. Shuffleton Pope made a magnificent bow and departed. 'I shall astonish this man in a few days; he will treat me with the respect due to genius,' thought Pope, as he walked out of the shop.

Mr. Shuffleton Pope sat down to write his moral essay. He fouled out, what he was not aware of before, that, these in-

He wrote poetry—but poetry was a drug, and his appeared of the premium variety, for it set every body asleep to whom he read it. He wrote a tragedy, which set every one laughing, and a comedy, which made people cry—enough. He wrote a farce and was told it was quite a farce that he should attempt such a thing. He wrote political articles which were unanswerable, for they had no arguments in them to reply to. At last he did write something which was read, he wrote a letter to Mr. Shuffleton, announcing his return to South Cobley.

This letter was written for one good reason, that all Mr. Shuffleton

But the affair did not rest here. Although the reviews of magazines in newspapers are much beneath the editor's attention, and turned over to the inferior of the establishment, still their effect is great if the paper has a wide circulation. It was very true that no one had ever heard of Shuffleton Pope, but still his absence implied a want of spirit or tact on the part of the publisher, and this the publisher felt would be injurious to his periodical. If for publishers ride authors roughshod, they themselves, for interested motives trouble and wince under the lash of the meanest critic almost as much as the others themselves. "I must send for Shuffleton Pope," thought the publisher, and have an article from his pen in the next number of the Magazine. It won't be worth a . . . I know, but so much the better, the public will then discover that I am right in dismissing him; and the

came, and when you last came they were not so well as when you last left,—and then were young, Louisa was pretty and had a little money. You would not go here because you were a genius. You came back, the money you had spent, and Louisa had lost her beauty; but still you went to a farm, and a young girl who dated on. That wouldn't suit you, and off you went once more. Now the farm is gone and poor Louisa is not so good as new, and, moreover, there are two poor children to

(See fourth paper.)